

NO SIGNS OF PEACE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople, Nov. 16.—If peace terms have been agreed upon, there is no sign of it here.

The Bulgars are still advancing on the city. They are now only 12 miles distant.

Tsar Ferdinand's troops are taking fort after fort and driving the army of Chatalja back on the city like rats.

The suffering among the soldiers and citizens is terrible. More terrible still is the suffering among the common people outside the gates.

There are more than a million of these people between the army and the city. They fell back toward Constantinople as they were driven from their homes by the Bulgars, expecting food and shelter.

And they got neither food nor shelter here. The gates of the city were locked against them; they were forced to camp in the open.

It is bitterly cold. Snow and sleet have turned the suburbs into swamps, breeding all kinds of pestilence. Bitter winds, that swept from the bare Russian steppes across the Black Sea, pierce to the marrow.

The refugees outside the gates are dying like flies of starvation. There is no food, and no way of getting any food.

There is not even any drinking water; for the mire of the refugee camps has sunk into the wells and poisoned them.

Cholera and typhus, scurvy and

smallpox are killing their thousands.

When first the plague broke out, the dead were buried in shallow graves.

Now they are left unburied to rot, and to poison the very air.

If there were only men among the refugees, their condition would not be so pitiable.

But there are more women than men, and more children than either women or men.

And they are dying, dying of starvation, dying of disease, dying in terrible agony that cramps their small bodies into awful knots.

Inside the city conditions are little better. Only those in high places can get anything to eat. The poor people are starving. The stores are boarded up and guarded.

Cholera, which only reached the city a few days ago, is wreaking dreadful havoc.

Nothing is being done to stop it. The streets are never cleaned. The heaped refuse of the people is thrown into them and allowed to rot.

In the alleys, in the doorways, in every dark corner, one stumbles over the dead or dying.

In the lines of last defense, the soldiers are fighting with a sort of hopeless despair.

Many of them have not been fed for days, and are slowly wasting away from starvation.

Cholera is worst in the entrenchments, too, and the lines are filled with rotting corpses,